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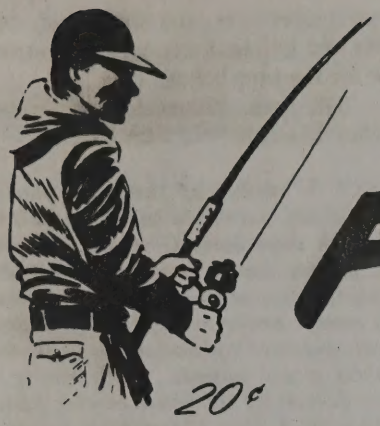

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The Long Island FISHERMAN

JANUARY 20th, ISSUE NO. 3, 1972

GONE, BUT CLOSE BY SCREAMING

Nature had one hellava nerve when it formulated the human mind and left out the compassionate parts. But I suppose this was done purposely in order to leave room for something that would have to be learned and developed on its own; more rewarding so to speak. Most minds have never been able to be anything but selfish, backfiring on poor Mother Nature's original intent, a self-educated-rational-thinking-mind. For the most part - no, for all part - fishermen, especially Long Island's hook-danglers, the non-selfish side of their brains have never been anything more than a vacuum. Fortunately though, a vacuum is easily penetrated when the outside covering is fractured by a kick in the head and something of value can get sucked in. So, even though nature didn't provide a rational thinking mind in fishermen, and these same rod-benders refused to learn otherwise, there is a way to fill this void. Put me on the outside, where I can kick all I want to.

For more than two years now I have been living a somewhat fraudulent life. As editor of the L.I.F., it was supposed that I would champion any cause for the good of Long Island's angling public, when in fact, those ideas that I didn't agree with were chucked in the wastepaper basket and forgotten. But now I am free. Free at least from embarrassing the publishers of this weekly and relieving them of the responsibility of my free-wheeling mind and body.

But I will still be here, somewhere, folded in the dozen or so pages of Long Island's ONLY. Don's Corner, Don's View, Don's Don and Don's Dam, (sic), are apt to be more frequent than in the past. Freed of the hidden responsibilities that only the shoewearers know of, I can move, talk and write with more flexibility than that which a paper-title had hindered. Not that this title didn't contribute more than a share of greatness, to which I will be forever grateful. But oh, those four office walls became so intolerable when I knew the blue water was only a few miles away. Just as intolerable were the never ending requests from readers asking me to throw harpoons at just about anything and everything that stood in their way of success as anglers (at least that's what they call themselves). Failure of others to see me as I really am cut very deeply.

For sure, my beach buggy and twin powered 22 foot plastic dream, *"DON'S CORNER,"* will ply the sand and waters of Long Island and beyond this coming season. With camera and pen I shall enjoy sharing all with anyone who can accept fishing as a GAME. For sure, I will renew my friendship with some of the commercial fishermen and boatmen that I have so passionately missed; that is, if they will still have me. Once again I will be able to fume, fuss, cuss, fight and scream at will, never minding those that see or hear me.

You, who fear the net, broken chum slicks, foreign fishing vessels, competitive pros, annoying know-nothingers, arrogant skippers, the price of bait, tired tackle shop owners, leaky boats, bushels of flounders, tangled lines, elbow to elbow picket-lines, and that much mc times one hundred, can pick on someo new for the time being.

Till then, "Bluefish, you sons-c bitches, bluefish!"* *DON MILLER*

** A number of years ago, bluefis from the surf, were to be had only at east en and south shore beaches. About eight yea ago, drifting across Long Island Sound, stumbled into a never-ending school of blue In a manner similar to the old tuna-tongers, literally swamped my small skiff with hundrec of these greedy bastards. Remembering th earlier days on the hot eastern beaches, fishless looking for A blue, I went down screaming*

The Long Island FISHERMAN

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CHANGING HABITAT MEANS DIFFERENT WILDLIFE

by PAUL M. KELSEY
Senior Conservation Educator
Department of Environmental Conservation

Wildlife habitat is a very dynamic entity, for it is made up of various combinations of living plants. Changing vegetation, due to its gradual growth and replacement, is hardly visible from one year to the next.

Since 1880, over 11 million acres of farmland have been taken out of agricultural production. Some has been reforested, but most of it has been replanted using Mother Nature's slow system. She starts with annuals, like ragweed and foxtail grass, to get some immediate cover on the bare ground. Then come perennials, like goldenrod and the longer-lived grasses. Next are blackberry bushes and sumacs, followed by trees that grow well in bright sunlight, like aspen and red maple. In the shade of these pioneer tree species, seedlings of shade-loving forest trees can start - - maples, beech and hemlock.

With virtual elimination of the forest habitat that occurred throughout western New York, several forms of wildlife disappeared. The gun may have helped speed them on their way, but it was the disappearance of the type of cover they required which was the inevitable downfall of both the turkey and the snowshoe rabbit. As the snowshoe rabbit disappeared, its place was taken by the cottontail from the more open country of Ohio.

The pendulum is now swinging back again. In many places the hiker in the woods can see old stone walls and other artifacts of bygone agriculture. As this "new" habitat developed, more mobile forms of wildlife - - the birds - - came back and filled their natural niche in the habitat. Less mobile ones, like the snowshoe, were too far removed to make their way across the intervening farmland and did not fill the vacancies left by their departing counterparts.

It is here that man gave a helping hand by livetrapping native breeding stock from areas where they were thriving, and releasing them in uninhabitated range. Once established in the restored range, the expanding population moved out into the surrounding territory. This stocking of turkey and snowshoe rabbits has been one of the best investments of the sportsmen's dollar.

These vegetative changes go on and on until they reach a climax type. This varies depending on the soil, drainage, temperature and numerous other factors. Throughout much of New York it is the beech-birch-maple-hemlock forest. When this is reached, what happens? As the name implies, it just goes on and on for the only plants that germinate and grow successfully under the climax forest are more of the same.

If Mother Nature didn't have ways of upsetting this and making certain that there are several different types of vegetative cover, our wildlife varieties would be very limited. The Big Blow of 1950 is a fine example of one of her ways of accomplsihing this. Two others are fire and disease. Man with his chainsaw and bulldozer can make changes to suit his fancy.

The sun got to the forest floor for the first time in many years over thousands of acres in the Adirondacks following the 1950 hurricane. New young plants of excellent deer food, like striped maple, started to grow in profusion. Deer responded to the change and thrived on the increased food supply. In about 15 years much of this had grown out of reach, creating dense enough shade below so that little new food grew. In spite of the annual antlerless deer harvest, the stage was set for serious starvation.

During a decade of antlerless deer hunting the deer herd had thrived on the results of the blowdown and a series of mild winters. As food grew out of reach, short rations were inevitable. Then came three bad winters in a row, dropping the deer population to the lowest this century. With protection they will quickly be back to the carrying capacity of the range which is now more like it was before the Big Blow.

******

SEAMANSHIP AND SMALL BOAT HANDLING

Registration for a 12 lesson course in Basic Seamanship and Small Boat Handling will be held by Flotilla 11-2 on Tuesday, January 25, 1972 at 7:45 PM, at the Canarsie High School, 1600 Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

Conducted as a public service by qualified instructors, the course is open to men, women, and teenagers. Owning a boat is not required.

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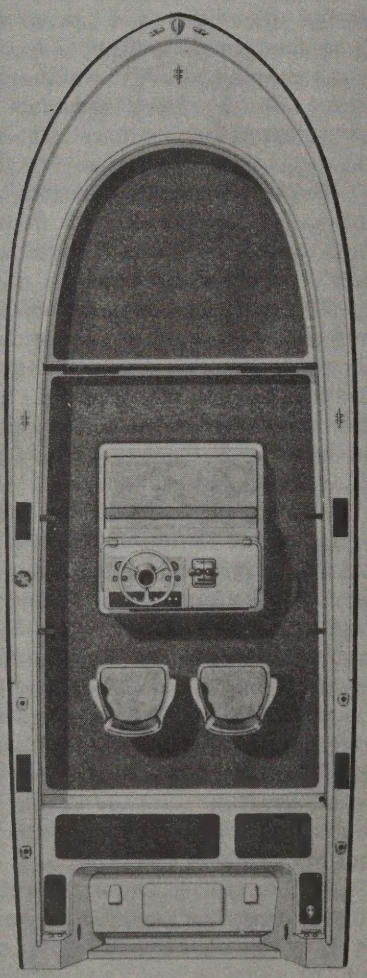

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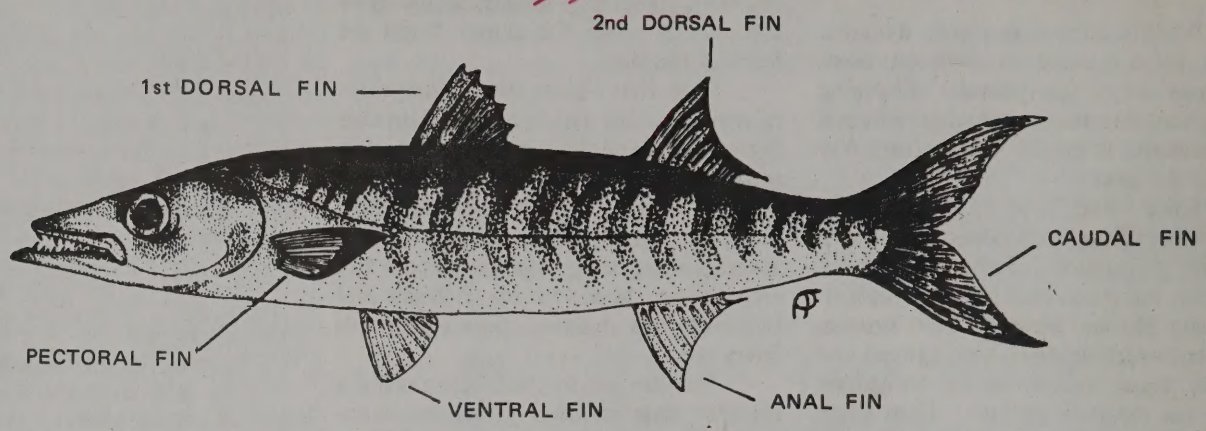
KNOW YOUR FISH! NORTHERN BARRACUDA

BY TONY DI FEDE



Shades of Peg-leg Pete! No, this isn't the species that is supposed to be able to free you of an arm or leg while you are swimming lazily in warm summer waters. The Northern Barracuda is a little brother of the ferocious Great Barracuda.

Before discussing our local east coast species of Barracuda, I think we should take a brief look at the whole family of Barracudas.

The Barracudas are all members of the family Sphyraenidae. The family includes the Northern Barracuda (also called Northern Sennet), the Pacific Barracuda, the Guaguanche, and, of course, the most well known (and sometimes feared) Great Barracuda. First let's take a look at the range of each of the Barracudas. Starting in the North Atlantic, we have the Northern Barracuda which ranges from Cape Cod to Panama. Then, ranging from Florida to the coast of Brazil is the Guaguanche. This Barracuda, although fairly numerous in Florida is most plentiful in the Bahamas and West Indies. Next, the Great Barracuda, which also ranges from Florida to Brazil, is a very popular Florida gamefish. Finally, the Pacific Barracudas (four in all) range from California State to Baha California.

As you can see, the Atlantic Coast species have overlapping and shared ranges. It is highly improbable that a Guaguanche would be found in New York waters, but stray Great Barracuda may be taken on a rare occasions as they reportedly have in the past. I wouldn't, however, count on catching a Great Barracuda in New York waters.

There are more general observations on the Barracuda family. But first I would like to offer some detail on the Northern Barracuda.

The body is long, slim, and compressed with a deeply forked caudal (tail) fin. It has two dorsal fins; the first dorsal is comprised of 5 webbed spines and the second of 10 soft rays. The anal fin is also soft rayed and is comprised of 11 rays. The pectoral fins and ventral fins are also soft rayed. The head is small with relatively large eyes. The lower jaw extends well forward of the upper jaw; both jaws are thin and pointed, each armed with large pointed teeth of varying size. The teeth in the forward portions of both jaws slant back whereas the rearmost teeth do not. With such a formidable set of dentures, care in handling can save some pain. A Barracuda's bite (and they do bite) is clean and sharp—not the tearing bite of a shark. Also, despite some rumors their bite is not poisonous—just painful.

Coloration and markings are interesting but far from spectacular. The back and sides are olive color. The lower sides and body are silvery. The pectoral, dorsals, and caudal fins are also olive. The ventral and anal fins are silvery white. The lateral line is dark and the sides are marked with curved, almost v-shaped dusky bars. Highlights of drab yellow, pink and blue may be noticeable on the sides and head.

Barracuda are schooling fish. They seem to prefer feeding on other schooling fish such as herring, squid, and smelt. They are a relatively active fish and are on the move most of the time. They show migratory movements similar to many other species of fish, south in winter, north in summer. Newly hatched young drift with the tide to inshore shallows, bays and close coastal areas. As they reach adult size, they move out to deeper inshore water.

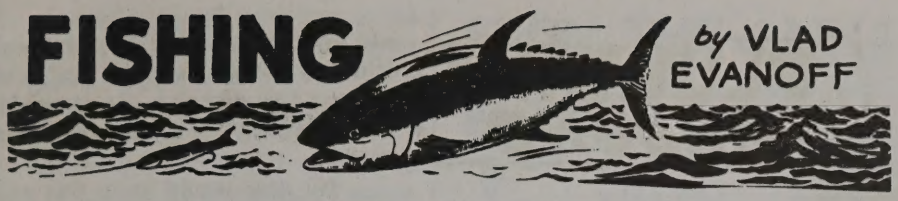
Barracuda are attracted by activity, they are a curious fish, and a fast moving bait usually brings the best results. Live bait are most effective but fast moving feathers, stripbait, or spoons are also productive. The angling value of the Barracuda is high the world over. Of course, the fight of the Northern Barracuda does not compare with the Great Barracuda but it compares very favorably with other species in its class. Light tackle and no more than ¼ to 1 ounce artificials makes Barracuda trolling or casting very enjoyable.

Of all the Barracudas, the Northern is the smallest, reaching a maximum size of about 1 foot and 1½ to 2½ pounds. The table below shows the maximum sizes of each of the Barracudas.

Northern. . . .	1 foot. . . .	2½ lbs.
Guaguanche .	1.6 feet. . . .	5 lbs.
Pacific.	3.6 feet. . .	12 lbs.
Great.	6 feet	105 lbs.

Some people, and unfortunately some books, say that all Barracudas are not fit to be used as food. This is not true. Only the Great Barracuda may be poisonous. The other three species are perfectly safe to eat—in fact, they are a very tasty food fish. All three in the southern portions of their ranges support a profitable commercial fishery. I said that the Great Barracuda may be poisonous. The reason is that they are not naturally poisonous. The experts believe that they become poisonous because they feed on naturally poisonous fish such as tropical species of puffer fish. The more poisonous fish they eat the more tainted they become. Since there is no easy and safe way for the average fisherman to determine if a Great Barracuda is poisonous, there is no reason to keep it. A Great Barracuda should be released after it is taken—that is, of course, unless it is to be mounted. But as I said, the other species of Barracuda are perfectly safe and enjoyable eating.

FISHING



by VLAD EVANOFF

CHANNEL BASS IN FLORIDA

I was casting a small yellow bucktail jig on Florida's West Coast one afternoon and had a solid hit. I hooked the fish and it fought for quite a while on the light salt-water spinning rod. But finally I worked it close to shore into the shallow water where I could beach it. I lifted it up and showed it to my fishing partner, who lived in Florida.

"A small channel bass!" I said to him.

"It may be a channel bass to you Yankees up north," he replied, "but to us southerners it's a 'redfish' or just plain 'red',"

That was my first introduction to channel bass southern style and since then I had run into them in many spots in Florida and they have provided many hours of sport and fun. To those anglers who are familiar with the big channel bass of Virginia and North Carolina but who have never caught them in Florida, it may come as a surprise that the same identical fish is plentiful in Florida waters. They are found on the East Coast in the Atlantic, down in the Florida Keys, and along the entire West Coast of Florida in the Gulf of Mexico.

Channel bass in Florida are more common in the smaller sizes - - - the one I caught only went about 3 or 4 pounds. Most of them range between that weight and about 15 or 20 pounds. However, along the stretch of beach on the East Coast of Florida, from the Georgia state line down to Sebastian Inlet just above Vero Beach, it is possible to catch a bigger channel bass up to 30, 40 and occasionally 50 pounds.

In this area you can do surf fishing with the same outfits as used for striped bass in the north or for big channel bass in Virginia and North Carolina. Big 6/0 or 7/0 hooks, surf bottom rigs with 4 or 5 ounce sinkers baited with strips or chunks of bunker or mullet or a crab pay off in this fishing. The best months for these big surf channel bass are from fall to spring.

But since the great majority of channel bass or reds caught in Florida are on the small side, and most of them are taken in protected waters such as inlets, bays, sounds and rivers, a much lighter outfit than a surf rig is better. The one-handed spinning rod and reel with 8 or 10 lb. test line on the reel is ideal. A bait-casting or "popping" rod which can also be cast with one hand is equally good. Somewhat heavier spinning outfits or salt-water rods can be used if you plan to do any bait fishing with heavy sinkers.

The one-handed spinning rod is most versatile, however, and can be used while casting from a boat or wading the tidal flats or edges of rivers and bays. It can handle most of the lures that will take the small redfish. In addition it can also be used to catch snook, small tarpon, sea trout and other Florida fish.

As mentioned earlier, jigs are very good lures for channel bass. The all white or all yellow ones weighing about ¼ to ½ ounce are the best sizes and weights to cast with the spinning rod. I suppose the jigs are effective because they tend to resemble the shrimp that channel bass like to eat. At least you can imitate their movements by making the jig dart and pause like a shrimp or hop along on the bottom and raise puffs of sand or mud.

When channel bass are chasing mullet or other baitfish they will also hit small spoons and metal squids. They will also come up and hit a surface plug such as a popper or torpedo shape at times. And they can be caught on underwater plugs too. You can cast these lures or you can troll them slowly. I would like to emphasize the word SLOWLY because the redfish is really a bottom feeder with a low-slung mouth more adapted to rooting out and crushing crabs or shellfish, than chasing and catching active baitfish. So work or troll the lures at a lazy speed and don't try to set the hook when you first see or feel the fish hit. Give it a second or two to mouth the lure before you set the hook.

Channel bass also tend to have poor eyesight or at least they don't spot lures cast too far from them like other fish often do. So you have to cast your lure in front of them not too far but not so close as to frighten them. You can try leading the fish by casting beyond it and several feet in front and then wait and reel slowly so that the lure arrives directly in front of the fish when it arrives there. This, of course, can only be done in shallow, clear water where you can actually see the small reds feeding or cruising by.

Most of the time you will be casting blind for the redfish in spots where they are known to be present or which they inhabit. Inlets or passes are always good for redfish and the beaches, bulkheads, rocks or shoreline on both sides of the inlet and where it empties into the ocean are the spots to fish.

And as mentioned earlier, they also run in the surf and most of the beaches along the Gulf of Mexico can be fished. You can also catch them from piers, jetties, breakwaters and bridges. A sporty way to get them is to wade the flats in bays or sounds and cast with a light spinning rod or even a fly rod.

The small channel bass are especially plentiful in the Naples and Marco Island areas in the Ten Thousand Island and Everglades country. Here you'll find them in the creeks and bays in holes, channels and along the bansk close to the mangroves. Here casting with a bucktail jig tipped with half a shrimp is a good way to catch them. You'll also catch plenty of mangrove snappers, sheepshead and sea trout at the same time in these waters.

One of the easiest ways to catch redfish is with natural baits such as live or dead shrimp, small crabs, cut mullet or bunker and fish on the bottom with a sinker in likely spots.

Most of the smaller channel bass you catch in Florida make good to fair eating. Fillet the smaller fish and dip them in cracker or corn meal and fry them. Redfish up to about 10 or 12 pounds in weight are delicious and tender and are not inferior to any other eatin' fish caught in southern waters. Those over 20 or 30 pounds are more stringy and coarse but are still eaten by many people. But I don't fish for channel bass or reds strictly for food - - - I like them because they are tough scrappers and rarely let you down with a weak or feeble fight.

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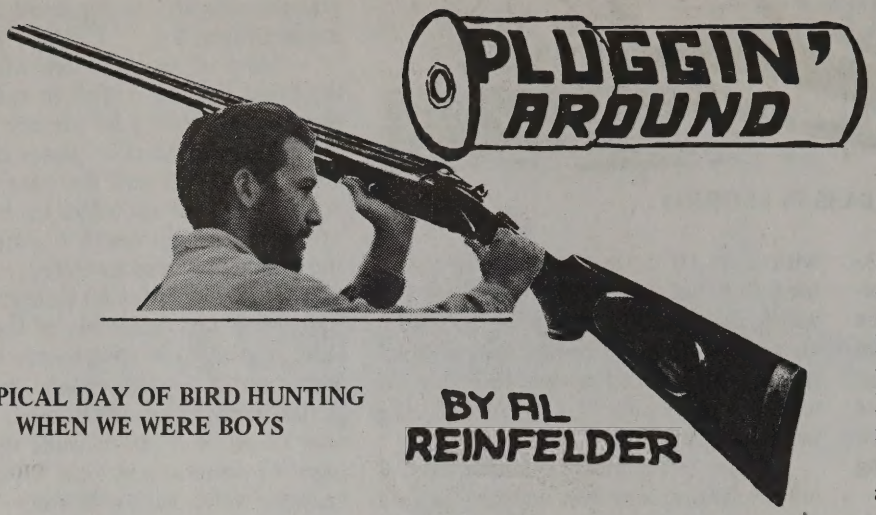

A TYPICAL DAY OF BIRD HUNTING WHEN WE WERE BOYS

BY AL REINFELDER

Penney barked as Billy, Albert and Uncle Carl drove the lumpy green Dodge up from the garage and down the road to town. I was alone for the afternoon, except for Aunt Flora, who silently peeled potatoes in the cold blue light coming in through the frosted windows of the outside kitchen. I went into the cooking kitchen and opened the warm-up cabinet above the oven. The quart jar of black coffee was still hot enough from lunch to drink without a re-heating. I poured a cup full and sat on Uncle's butcher's table. From the narrow window to the south I could see the sway-backed barn across rows of turned, brown earth, now rigid and white-edged in the cold of a new year. Late the night before the three of us had stood at the edge of the winter garden and emptied our shotguns into a crystal line sky in celebration of the turning of the year. We shot off the guns at about nine o'clock, and by ten - and after at least four good glasses of pilfered rhubard wine - we tumbled into quilted beds, unmindful of the cacophany of sounds developing in New York Town a hundred light years away.

The night passed in windless quiet, and the first day of the new year was a continuation of winter peace. I finished the coffee and got dressed to go out. We'd been at the farm for almost a week. (Since Christmas evening, actually.) The hunting had been good for rabbits, but not one of us had brought down a grouse. I left the house with birds on my mind.

Behind the bars of the barnyard gate, Nancy and Brownie stood idly near the salt lick. Only their doleful eyes moved as I swung over the fence. I patted the rump of one of the cows as I passed and a small cloud of hay dust and dried dung dropped to the hoof-cratered yard. Beyond the pasture lay the woods.

I climbed over the first stone wall and loaded a 12 gauge pump. A squirrel chattered somewhere in a high hickory tree. Two or three chickadees flicked among the bushes as I walked up toward the first field.

All of the land here had felt the force of man. The woods covered fields and pastures of long ago. The stone walls and rock piles spoke of hard work and determination. Yet, the pleasure I felt was not one of reverence for the workers of old, but for the strength of nature which had recaptured so thoroughly its once denuded domain. I pointed the gun at knots in maple trees and at odd markings in birches to loosen up my arms.

The second wall had a break in it. Earlier in the fall deer used to pass at dusk from the heavier woods of the ridge above to the grassy fields by the farm. How often I'd sat hard pressed against the butt of a hickory and watched in breathless silence, my heart thrusting up into my throat, as deer after deer walked delicately along this path. And when it was very near darkness, one or two bucks would ghost by me toward their evening meals.

No deer would be in this part of the woods now. But, before the day was over, I would surely find the skeletal remains of one or two wounded by foolish hunters who entered the woods only during deer season. Ever since my first legal deer hunt I have avoided the popular woods during this period of uncivil war. It just wasn't my idea of relating to nature.

As soon as I entered the clearing above the stones I saw a rabbit. Stone still, he held himself motionless against the rabbit-colored grasses on which he had been browsing. I turned sharply and he bolted uphill in a ragged zig-zag course among the brown bristles and field stones. I followed his passage along the top of the blue barrel, but did not fire. My mind was on grouse.

I walked through the field toward the small spruce grove where we'd seen birds earlier in the week. Sometimes, a grouse would take off from one of the upper branches of the tree just as you passed under it. He'd usually be heading back the other way, too. This time nothing came out from anywhere.

At the very corner of the field, where the woods took over in full again, and where I least expected it, a single brown blur burst in a silence-splitting rush from a thick hummock. It was only a matter of seconds before the grouse disappeared among the trees. But I did fire the gun. As usual, I could not remember exactly when I shot, or where the bird was in relation to my aim when I pulled the trigger. Not a feather dropped.

I debated about walking down into the other fields or going up to higher grounds. It seemed like a nice day for the woods, so I continued uphill. The woods were as silent as woods ever get. Cold, dry branches crackled and popped despite the lack of wind. More chickadees flirted amongst the heavy tree trunks. To condition myself (a probably rediculous theory of shooting I have always held) I would snap the shotgun up to my shoulder and aim at the tiny, darting birds.

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Among a pair of evergreens at the base of the ridge two grouse blew apart about fifty feet ahead of me. They flew in opposite directions and I failed to shoot at either one.

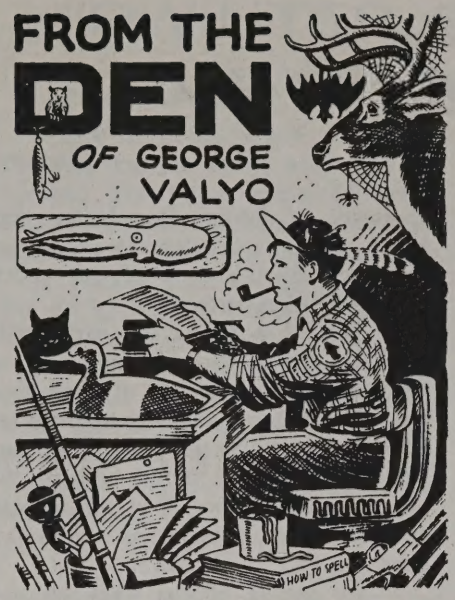
About an hour later I came upon a pile of bones. At first glance, I assumed it was the remains of a deer. But when I approached the white ribs, I saw at once that it was from our pig which had escaped into the woods in late October. Like modern man, the over-domesticated creature had been unable to survive for long in the wilds as did the simple birds and squirrels.

I meditated on this as I arced down toward the last fields on the eastern end of Uncle's land. The sun was long down over the mountain and trees were purpling in the early afternoon. I saw no birds for a great while.

When I stepped into the power line, I saw a deer about half a mile away. He was crossing the opening quickly, and disappeared at once. Not far down the line was an old field, thick with tiny birches, no more than six or seven feet high. I walked through the tangle as best I could, holding my gun up and ahead of me. I passed a single spruce near the center of the old field and a grouse leaped into the air directly in front of me. My gun was on him and the shot came as much to my surprise as to the bird's. He was knocked over in a puff of feathers and fell to the ground in a small heap. I raced over to the fallen grouse. He was warm, of course, which always surprised and shocked me. But quite dead. I tied his feet to the thong I kept around my belt for this purpose and headed at once back along the power line to the farm.

Uncle and the boys had not come back yet, but by the time I dressed and plucked the bird, Penney started barking again and in another moment I too could hear the old car crunching up the gravelly dirt road. Uncle packed the grouse away with other small game, and stoked up the fire for supper. Billy and Albert were trying to make me jealous about some girl who had actually been civil to them as they cashed out at the supermarket in Milford, but - for a change - this did not bother me.

The next day everybody was up early to go grouse hunting. We left right after breakfast with lunches and everything, hiked all day long, even past Traub's property, and up to the Magic Lake, but saw not a single brown feather. On the way home, Albert shot three squirrels, and Billy got one. It was a typical day of bird hunting for the three of us.



ONE MAN'S PIKE

It started with a pinch, and ended quickly with the redhead dumping her watered-down whiskey sour over Frank's head.

"But I thought she loved me," the damp Frank protested some ten minutes later as Freddy wheeled the jeep down Ruff's Path. Frank's feelings were hurt and he started to pout.

"You always think they love you after getting your load on," Freddy responded evenly. He'd been there before with Frank.

"But didn't you see that come-on she gave me," Frank insisted.

"You call asking you for change of a quarter a come-on? Frankie baby, it's ol' Freddy you're talking to. Besides, your old lady'd have your head if she'd been there."

"Yeah, but she's 500 miles away." Frank just wouldn't quit.

"Yeah and we came 500 miles to go pike fishing, not to take citrus baths in saloons," Freddy quipped.

He checked his watch. Holy smoke! "Do you realize we gotta meet Mitch in only three hours?"

"I still say she led me on." Frank's voice trailed off.

"Listen, birdbrain, I just said we've only got three hours to sleep before murdering those big northerns. Forget the redhead. It's even money she's already forgotten you."

But Frank was already snoring. Fred smiled to himself, shifted to low gear, and drifted off the bridge approach onto Wellesley Island.

****

You just knew it was going to be one of those great fishing days Fred thought to himself as he helped cast off while Mitch aimed the prow of his whaler toward the gut. There wouldn't be a heckova lot of sun and enough of a breeze was stirring on the June morn to promise the bugs wouldn't become and itchy bothersome factor. There were plenty of lively minnows swirling in the oxygen bucket, and not an hour away lay St. Anthony's Shoal.

Besides, Freddy knew the fishing had to be good because Frank had a kingsized hangover, and invariably over the years, Freddy caught fish when Frank nursed a splitting head and a cold brew.

The steady hum of the 80 hp outboard seemed to blend into natures own sounds as morning dawned on. It seemed no time at all before Mitch skillfully ran the gut, headed north-east, and finally cut the engine at the lee of St. Anthony's Shoal at a point and distance which would assure a proper drift.

Mitch's large minnow wasn't in the water ten seconds when he suddenly tied into a scrappy 3 lb. northern which struck half way up from the rock-shelved bottom. Now those sportsmen who claim that northern pike don't jump would have really had to eat their words had they been there. Mitch's scrapper broke water four times before he was able to urge him boatside.

At the moment Mitch started to release his "small", Franks third can of beer thudded to the deck, as Mitch and Fred turned to see him grimly tied on to a good strike.

They netted the 9 lb. bundle of twist ten minutes later.

Before 2 pm came around they landed 22 pike out of about 40 strikes, and released 18 (most of them in the 3 to 5 lb. class). The three kept went 9, 11, and 13½ lbs. – all fine fish. But then the wind changed and with it their luck.

Mitch and Fred switched to plugging: Frank switched to Reingold. After an hour, nobody scored with the exception of Frank who was feeling hardly any pain at all.

They finally called it a day, and as Mitch reved the big engine, the other two sat back to enjoy the scenic return trip.

"Wanna go out for a couple of pops after dinner," Fred prompted his very loose companion.

"Sure," Frank agreed. "Where to?"

"How 'bout the little bistro with the redhead?", Fred chided.

"What redhead's that, Freddy boy?" Frank was serious.

Fred looked at him for a long moment, slowly shook his head with total disbelief, and told his friend to forget it.

The pair settled back to enjoy the water route home.

Strictly Casting
by Vince Guaglianone

WHAT ABOUT THE SURF ITSELF?

"If you want to catch fish, you've got to spend a lot of time on the beaches . . . unless you're very lucky." A great surfman, prefers anonymity.

"It's not the physical aspect of this sport that dominates. Rather, it's the full dedication of your senses to improving your ability and applying physical and manual skills." Walter Cienkowski, FOR THE CASTER, No. 20, 1970.

"Fishing is really a mental game and to be successful, you have to think . . . It boils down to knowing the habits and habitat of the fish you seek." Mark Sosin, A GAME OF INCHES, No. 23, 1970.

"Inlets, jetties, bridges, marsh banks, offshore holes and rips, rivers and surfs each produce peak catches at their own particular tidal stage, moon phase, wind speed and direction, and time of day and season . . . You must know this instinctively so that you can make the right moves more often than not when conditions change.

"You must be willing to experiment and explore." Al Reinfelder, SO YOU WANT TO BE A SHARPSHOOTER, No. 17, 1970.

" 'Don, have you ever fished these waters before?'

'Not from a boat, Rich. But it shouldn't take long to figure out now that the tide is almost out.' " Don Miller, Pg. 8, No. 17, 1971.

"It's surprising how a little white water will often attract a striper or two. On days when the water is fairly calm, even a few small waves breaking against a jetty and/or a rock will often attract a striper in that spot." Vlad Evanoff, LOCATING FISH, No. 35, 1970.

The great sportsmen quoted above have told it well. Each one has written for L.I.F. (except for the first quoted who refuses to write). But in countless L.I.F. articles, some real talent has given you much fishing wisdom . . . Sometimes the stress is on how important your attitude is, and your whole approach to fishing. Often, especially Vlad Evanoff has marvelously done justice to the sea's richness; giving vital info about fishes and their habitat . . . Additionally, examining the performance and equipment-side of fishing, Don Miller's and Harry Bonner's articles are invaluable. In much of this part of our sport: "practice makes perfect."

But what about the surf itself?

By this question, I don't mean to minimize the importance of equipment and of know-how. It's only to underline equally the wilderness-part in fishing, stressed by Sosin's words and all the others quoted above. You should read entirely at least these other articles I've cited.

My article of last week jumped into one of the conditions, moon-phase. Now let's do the whole thing, from the beginning.

A) Our Attitude – By speaking of 'the conditions,' we verbally take apart what out there is really one whole thing: wild nature at the tide lines. To really become acquainted with it, you have to love it. The surf and fishing it, is something very particular of the sea and in the fisherman. Unless you grow to love it after your first approach and first contacts, your learning will continue to be 'from the outside.' Then you'll not find in yourself a kind of feel for it which would bring more of your casts to the fish . . . So avoid a habit of approaching the conditions PIECEMEAL. Perhaps at first it's unavoidable. Also if you keep records, you'll have to write separately each condition. That's ok, so long as your FISHING attitude keeps the conditions blended; which is the way you meet them out there . . . It's the attitude of the barefoot boy, and of the old-timer who can fish every day and therefore he doesn't need to keep records . . .

And remember luck.

B) Luck – Luck means (1) the unknown factors; (2) the unforeseen factors. (1) includes what even scientists don't understand of the sea and its things. (2) includes what even fishermen could not have foreseen . . . But luck never means something, some change, uncaused . . . Yet luck does include what their causes are: the uncontrollable factors.

In fishing, as in life, much is found inevitably uncontrollable: the change in seasons; the 'choice' of a finicky gamester; a sudden change in weather; the ravings of the Weatherman . . . "Progress" has become uncontrollable . . . And so on.

Now these are the basic 'pieces' of that really one thing out there:

I. Habits of the Species.

II. Seasonal Change and Seasonal Quality.

III. Beach Potential: the Contour (and Conformation), Composition, and 'Location' of beaches.

IV. Tidal Stage and Tidal Current.

V. Weather, and Days and Nights.

VI. The Moon.

VII. The Good Year/Bad Year Factor.

I. The Species . . . There's no end to what you can experience of the fishes which helps you find and catch more. A few of the generalities, to which there are exceptions: bass are more nocturnal than blues; blues are more easily spooked by noise than bass . . . Blues, when not feeding, can be raised to strike a plug more readily than stripers when not feeding . . . Bass, 'rock fish': favor rocky waters. But large concentrations of sand eels which favor "sandy inshore beaches" (see T. DiFede, No. 1, 1972) will attract even big linesides to those merely sand shores; even late spring; even summer nights; especially if the edge-water is fast, and best if deep and ripping fast.

All the fishes, all the birds, all wildlife favor sunrise and sunset for hunting their foods. Why? Is it just the lighting? Not sure? Maybe you've noticed that there are also 'odd hour' feeding times in broad sunshine and in past-midnight darkness. But this pertains to TIMES of feeding. Remember, 'the spot' still matters.

Remember also that living things are less predictable than, for example, 'the law of gravity' (and moon-phase, and tidal stages).

However, summertime on Long Island the main wind is SW. During August's last week (sometimes, mid-August) a NW wind can start up for a day or two; the longer the better. Maybe we can't feel this wind's coolness because "the sun is still too hot." Yet blowing over the big south bays of Long Island, this cooler wind touches the water's surface. The mullet, temperature-sensitive, pick up this first coolness which for them signals the beginning of autumn. This NW will subside. Full summer warmth will return. The main mullet-migration may not start till (traditionally) around September 10 when, maybe, we'll all feel some first touch of a cooler day. But as early as those August weeks some of the mullet can be triggered into schooling up by a northerly wind. They start from the backwater creeks and channels; from the greater bays into the

inlets; past Breezy Point perhaps; perhaps past the Silver Point Jetty; more likely past Point Lookout and west End; Moriches; Shinnecock; Montauk; speeding schools of silvery greenish mullet are running and jumping before the brief NW wind . . . A moon-tide ebb helps them in those inlets get past their enemies and over the white-water shoals into the sea. If, suddenly (luck!) the wind changes: a clouding SE, with maybe a small squall: the SE blows more or less against the moon-tide ebb of those inlets; and the small mullet have it hard in rough water. Eels will get careless (even without the SE-Change) going I think for the mullet by waiting, especially amongst jetty-rocks, to ambush the swift mullet at night . . . Bass, for which also the sun may still be too hot, are yet excited by the mullet and by the eels. (There sure is an eel-movement at this time, for whatever reason.) So up from their cooler spots amid bays and amid and beyond the surf, now at all the right spots along rocky inlets and big inlet bars, stripers have come to ambush the mullet and the eels. And bass will drive into the beach-front surf, corralling the baits in surf-coves or in the pockets formed by beach-and-jetty. But if blues get scent or sight, they will swarm in and, due to their numbers, their speed and their voraciousness, they can make short work of this early and relatively scanty mullet-run. The schoolies may try competing with the blues; but big bass are still 'lazy' and 'cautious' in August. Yet, if after that first northern breeze the mullet 'choose' a moon-strong ebb that falls at night: then blues may not be near the surf line in AUGUST darkness. (Blues do feed at night, but not so much in the shoal water in August.) So with your casted snake, live or rigged; or your eel-skin plub, you have a chance for a husky bass along those jetties and in the wash at this pre-amble-to-autumn-time . . . As we have 'Indian Summer,' so call this August thing: 'Mullet-Autumn.' (For the main autumn-run, read V. Evanoff's, MULLET MEAN ACTION, No. 36, 1970. Also read T.DiFede's, No. 15, 1971.)

Notice, all the conditions are in play even when we focus on the Species. Here, it's the sensitivity of the warmth-loving mullet to temperature change which gives value to that first northerly wind IN AUGUST. And of course, it had to be a 'good year' in terms of the mullets' previous spawning-success; or their not having been over-fished; or their numbers not decimated directly or indirectly by diverse pollution.

Next week: II' III and IV as listed above.

MIDWINTER FISHING

by DON VETTER

HERRING - SMELT - TOMCOD

The sun began its slow descent into the west and the winter wind died to a whisper. The restless waters of Reynolds Channel seemed to assume an unnatural quiet, as the flood tide neared its peak.

Then a curious thing happened - the dock, deserted but a few moments before, began to fill with fishermen. In ones and twos they came, bundled to the ears against the chill of a January twilight, their strings of shiny jigs sparkling in the rays of the dying sun. What an odd sight they made to me with rods moving rythmically up and down as they jigged the cold waters below.

Before very long, a silvery, squirming fish was hoisted over the rail; then another, and another. In doubles and triples they came up until the dock was littered with a mass of flopping, iridescent fish.

Before darkness ended the action that night in 1967, I had my first introduction to the sport of herring fishing.

The herring rig resembles that used for mackerel with the tube-lures replaced with silvery ones (usually made by wrapping aluminum foil or thin shiny metal on a long-shank hook). The method is simplicity itself; merely lower your rig to the bottom and jig straight up and down.

Most any pier on the more open waters of the south shore can provide action when the herring are running - ask around. The herring can put up a pretty good account of himself, considering his size (12 to 15 inches average) and is delicious smoked or pickled.

On the north shore, the smelt and tomcod are the mainstays of winter fishing (such as it is). Smelt are a feast or famine fish, in that when they are running, it is not unusual to take 100 or more in a few hours fishing. The rig consists of 4 or more No. 8 or 10 hooks on short leads - a foot or so apart, starting about 18 inches above the sinker. The smelt is a small but delectable fish which has provided off-season action for many dock fishermen. Unfortunately, the runs of recent years have proved a disappointment.

Tomcod, on the other hand, are almost always around to some extent, though some spots produce well and others not at all.

They are fished for in the same manner as flounder. The same baits (worms, when obtainable, bits of clam, etc.) will take all three (flounder, smelt and tomcod). Indeed flounder and tomcod are often caught together.

The main difference is that the tomcod is more of a night-feeder (you haven't really lived until you've stumbled around an old, unlighted dock in the dead of a winter's night for a mess of vest-pocket sized tommies).

The other species available during the winter months (cod, whiting, etc.) are well publicized, and need not be explored here. So until spring brings a renewal of all things (with bass at the top of the list), try a little winter fishing. Dress warmly and bring plenty of good, hot coffee. The results might surprise you, but even if you catch nothing, you will have helped to break up the long winter.

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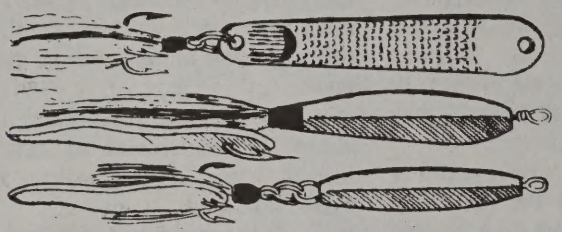
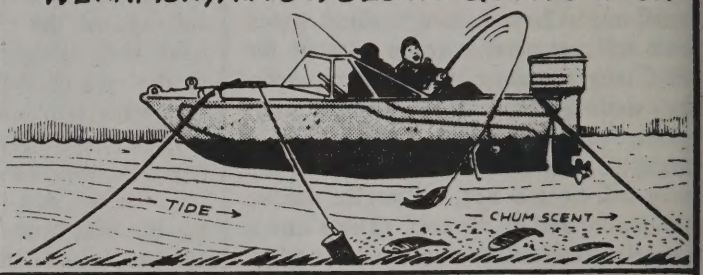
(2-8-72) *BASIC TACKLE FOR SIMPLE BAY TO OFFSHORE GAME FISHING ---*



2. BAY FISHING - CAPT. G. CUIFFO
(2-15-72) *HOW TO CATCH FLOUNDERS WEAKFISH, KINGS, BLOWS & BLACKFISH*



3. STRIPED BASS - CAPT. J. COTTONE
(2-22-72) CAPT. G. MUSSLER
TROLLING, CHUMMING AND LIVE BAIT METHODS - TACKLE & GENERAL LOCATION.

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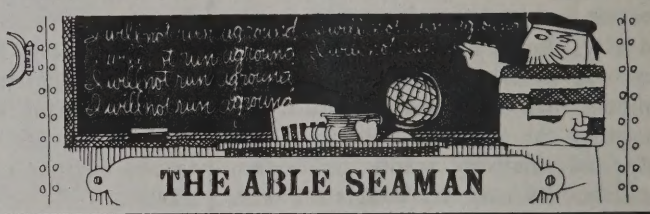
4. TAGGING FISH - CAPT. J. BOOTH
& SEAMANSHIP - CAPT. C. FISCHETT
(2-29-72) *TAGGING FISH & INFORMATION GAINED - DAYS NOT TO FISH, SAFETY EQUIPMENT TO HAVE ON BOARD & FIRE ISL. INLET.*

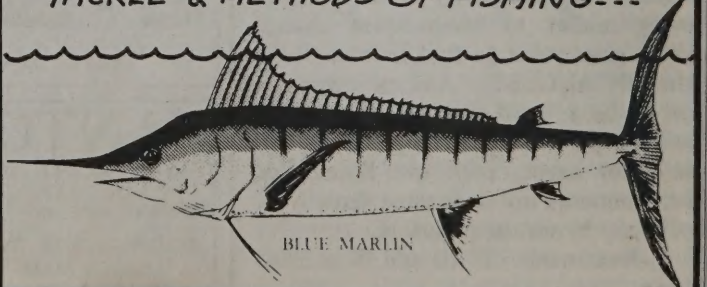


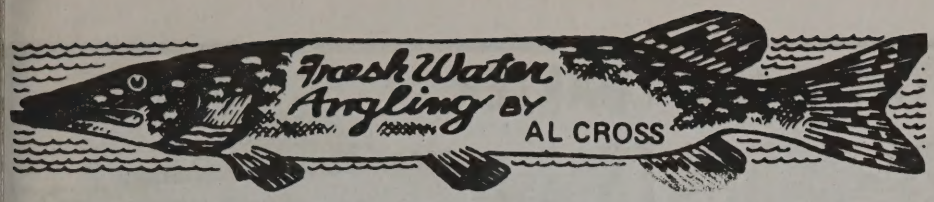
5. SHARK FISHING - CAPT. G. SCHNEIDER
(3-7-72) CAPT. JOE BOOTH
SPECIES AVAILABLE - BAIT & CHUM USED, TACKLE, SPECIAL EQUIPMENT & LOCATIONS.

6. BLUEFISHING - CAPT. GEO. MUSSLER
(3-14-72) *EXPLANATION OF SPECIES - TROLLING TACKLE & EQUIPMENT - BAIT, METHODS AND LOCATIONS FOR CHUMMING.*

7. WRECK FISHING - CAPT. R. POUCEL
(3-21-72) CAPT. FISCHETT
FISHING AROUND WRECKS & REEFS, HOW TO LOCATE, USE OF LORAN AND DEPTH RECORDERS, FISH FOUND IN THESE AREAS.

8. TROLLING TUNA, MARLIN, BONITO, ALBACORE CAPT. J. KAICH
(3-28-72) *IDENTIFICATION, LOCATION, TACKLE & METHODS OF FISHING---*





As some of you may have gathered from earlier articles, my fishing of Long Island's fresh water lakes and streams goes back nearly thirty years. I was raised in Nassau where I started fishing as a very small boy. I moved to Suffolk about fifteen years ago and from there have widened the circle of my wanderings in search of better fishing spots. I think I can honestly say that, with the exception of a few private lakes and streams, there is no fresh water or brackish river or stream on this Island where I haven't wet a line at some time or another.

Over the last ten or fifteen years I've watched too many of the places I knew and fished as a boy and young man killed and rendered useless by what is called progress and growth here on Long Island. This 'progress' may take the form of land filling of lakes, rerouting of streams, chemical and other residue from various kinds of factories and commercial interests or any one of a hundred acts of rape on what was once a place to bring joy to a fisherman's heart.

I have watched some of the lakes, where it was once a pleasure to fish and an easy matter to limit out on the particular species you were fishing for, ruined and reduced to goldfish bowls by another form of pollution, fishing pollution. This refers to over-fishing and to improper or inadequate stocking. These spots can be restored to usefulness through the combined efforts of the fishermen and the conservation department.

I have seen some lakes and streams filled in for so-called land improvement projects, some streams rerouted or filled with silt until they are mere shadows of their former selves. My anger has risen and bubbled over while their waters have diminished to a trickle that is no longer capable of sustaining fish.

We all keep hearing this word POLLUTION lately. Actually it is something we've been living with all our lives. I, myself, have watched while this disease has spread out from the city line and all across Nassau. It had done its work insidiously but persistently until there is hardly a spot left in Nassau that is worth fishing. Fifteen and even ten years ago there were still many places where one could enjoy the sport in that county.

As I write these lines the tentacles of the disease are reaching across another county line and spreading into Suffolk. With its present rate of progress it will not take another ten or fifteen years to accomplish here in the eastern half what it did for the western part of our island. What can we do to prevent this happening?

By the time this article is in print the new year will have been well started. That does not mean there isn't time for another New Year's resolution. For all us fresh water men it must be, "I resolve to fight, with every means at my command, to keep what little fishing space we have left and improve it in every way I possibly can."

Here are a few suggestions to help you keep that resolution. Unless you are fishing for the table or are lucky enough to atke a trophy fish, return your catch unharmed to the water. Also, any refuse you might accumulate while fishing, even your cigarette butts, should be gathered together and deposited in the proper place for it. If anything, try to leave the place you fish at cleaner than when you arrived there. Be on the look out for any form of pollution that makes itself evident around the lakes or streams you visit. These should be reported by letter and phone calls to the local officials. If you get no reaction to your letters or calls and the pollution is being continued, keep badgering the responsible authorities until they get after the company or people at fault.

To get down to the meat of what I'm trying to say, "Damn it, let's wake up and fight for what is ours, or ten years from now there won't be anything left to fight for."

I have a letter here from a Stanley D. Gilsen of Sunnyside, Queens that I would like to answer. Stan and his son are novice fishermen and have been working Oakland Lake in Queens with a fair amount of success. They would like to find a few good bass lakes in Queens or Nassau. Well Stan, if you've been reading this article to this point you already know what I feel has happened to the lakes in both of those areas. I would suggest that you move your fishing activities a little further east into the Suffolk zone. It is the last frontier for fresh water men here on Long Island. And let me say again that frontier is diminishing at a rate I hate to contemplate. I cannot stress enough the importance of protecting what little we have left. We now pay nearly five dollars for a fishing license. It is time for us to make a concerted effort to save the few places that are left to us and to work to bring back some of those spots that seem to have gone down the drain. Then that license will be worth getting and using.

We fresh water fishermen are a minority compared to our salt water brothers here on Long Island. These salt water men are beginning to see the writing on the wall for them also. They are starting to do something about it with groups such as the Save Our Stripers. We need something of that kind. Their strength in numbers. A healthy sized group of men aiming to Save Our Fresh Water might wield a big enough stick to get a little of the right action going.

Well back to Stan again. We haven't fully answered his question about where to fish for bass. Here is a quick rundown of the few good bass lakes left in Suffolk. To top the list, after hearing of the two big ones taken by Dr. Bartik this year, should be Lake Ronkonkoma. It is advisable to use a boat there and if possible a small recorder to lcoate and determine body structure. Next in line would be Belmont Lake. Since this is part of the State Park you must fish in the early morning or in the evening to avoid the picnicking crowds. Other spots worth mentioning would be Peconic River in Riverhead and Big Reed and Ford Ponds in Montauk. These are lightly fished and have a good supply of bass. For small mouth bass try the lake on Shelter Island. There are many more which I have listed in the July first issue of the L.I. Fisherman. In that you will find the answer to your question of how to rig the plastic worm. Write to the Fisherman for that back issue and you will have a fairly complete answer to both your questions. Another suggestion for you Stan, if you want to improve your bass fishing, join the National Bass Society. You can find a membership application in almost any of the top hunting and fishing magazines, such as Field & Stream. You will find that you will receive a wealth of valuable information in return for the few dollars invested in membership. Good luck to you and amy we hear from you again when you have found the right spot with the right rig in the near future.

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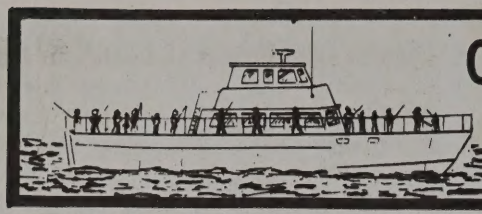

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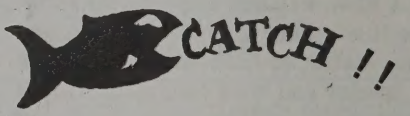
CODFISH 6 AM

Right Side of Dock, by Bait Station

FIRE ISLAND WRECKS

MO 9-2256 MO 9-0627



BRIAN MADDEN'S

*WEEKEND FISHING REPORT

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON

METROMEDIA 5 TELEVISION

10 O'CLOCK NEWS

*SUPPLIED BY

THE LONG ISLAND FISHERMAN

HEL-CAT FLEET

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SNOWSHOES – BLUEFISH

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DAILY 6:30 AM - WEEKENDS 5:00 AM

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GARDINERS ISLAND - BLOCK ISLAND

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6:30 AM COD 6:30 AM

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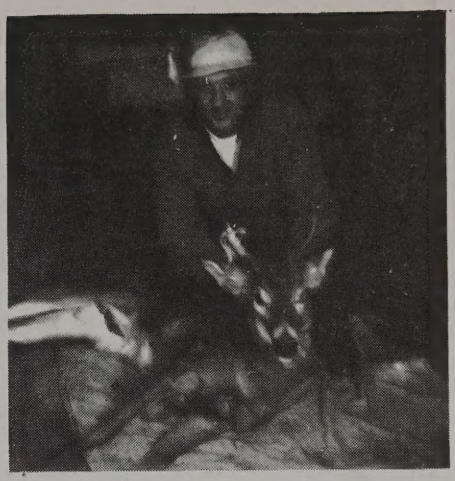
CARPETS – RUGS in offices, houses and yachts. Cleaned and Shampooed. American Rug Cleaning Co. MO - 1 - 3500 or PE - 1 - 2198.

Two Long Islanders on a recent visit to the T.M.T. Hunting Preserve in Staatsburg. Ralph DeFranco and his cousin racked up several birds on this hunt; they are frequent hunters at the preserve.



John "Zorba" Callis relinquished his spot at the "Sore Thumb," back in November, just long enough to bag this six point buck near Plymouth in Chenango County.

GOT A "CONSEE" TAG IN YOUR POCKET?

Senior Aquatic Biologist, Philip T. Briggs, of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, has requested that we remind fishermen that an extensive blackfish and sea bass tagging program initiated at the artificial reefs in the Great South Bay, near Kismet, and offshore of Fire Island Lighthouse, needs the full cooperation of anglers even in the winter. He writes:

"Our preliminary findings indicate that once these fish establish themselves at a reef during the summer, they move very little. There does seem to be a southwestward and slightly offshore movement in the fall."

"Winter fishermen occasionally pick up a blackfish or two while fishing offshore for cod. Since our winter returns have been quite scarce, I would like you to ask your readers to be on the lookout for tagged blackfish and sea bass on the wrecks and pieces where they catch cod."

Mr. Briggs would also like to have any tags that were taken last season and possibly forgotten by the angler; it is never too late to send in a tag return. It's a very simple procedure and worth a whole "buck."

"With these tag returns, we ask that the angler give the location and date he or she caught the fish. There is a reward of $1.00 for each numbered tag. Tags and the information as to where and when the fish were caught may be sent to the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, P.O. Box 1005, Setauket, N.Y. 11733."

Now you saltwater fishermen have something going for you from a department that rarely gets a pat on the back. The "Consee" is studying the effectiveness of artificial reefs and the movements of a non-commercial species. It would seem logical that hook and liners give this segment of the department's studies their full cooperation. Got a tag? Mail it in, get a buck plus a stake in tomorrow's fishing. *DON MILLER*

ICE REPORT TERMINOLOGY

Ice reports about the Hudson River and other navigable waters in the Third Coast Guard District will use the following standard terminology. Ice will be classified by Type, Size and Surface Features.

TYPE: Fast - Any ice, broken or unbroken, which is attached to the shore or the bottom. Drift - Floating ice which is not attached to the shore or the bottom.

SIZE: Field - Large bodies of ice 50 yards or more in width. Floe - Medium bodies of ice 10 to 50 yards in width. Pancake - Small bodies of ice 1 to 10 yards in width. (Usually circular; may have raised edges.) Brash - Small fragments of ice less than 3 feet in width. May be the wreckage of other ice such as the residue in the wake of an ice-breaking vessel. Slush - Ice crystals which may or may not be slightly frozen together. Slush has no degree of hardness.

SURFACE FEATURES: Jammed - Broken ice caught in restricted areas such as channels, harbors, or narrow portions of a river. Jammed ice may also be hummocked. Hummocked - Ice which has been pressed into mounds or hillocks. Hummocked ice may also be jammed.

Mariners are cautioned that buoys may be extinguished or dragged off station and minor lights and day beacons may be destroyed due to ice conditions.

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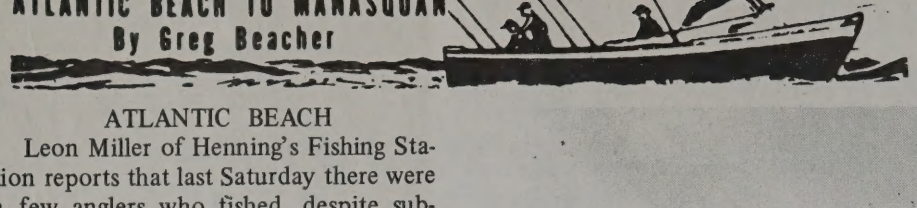
ATLANTIC BEACH TO MANASQUAN
By Greg Beacher



ATLANTIC BEACH

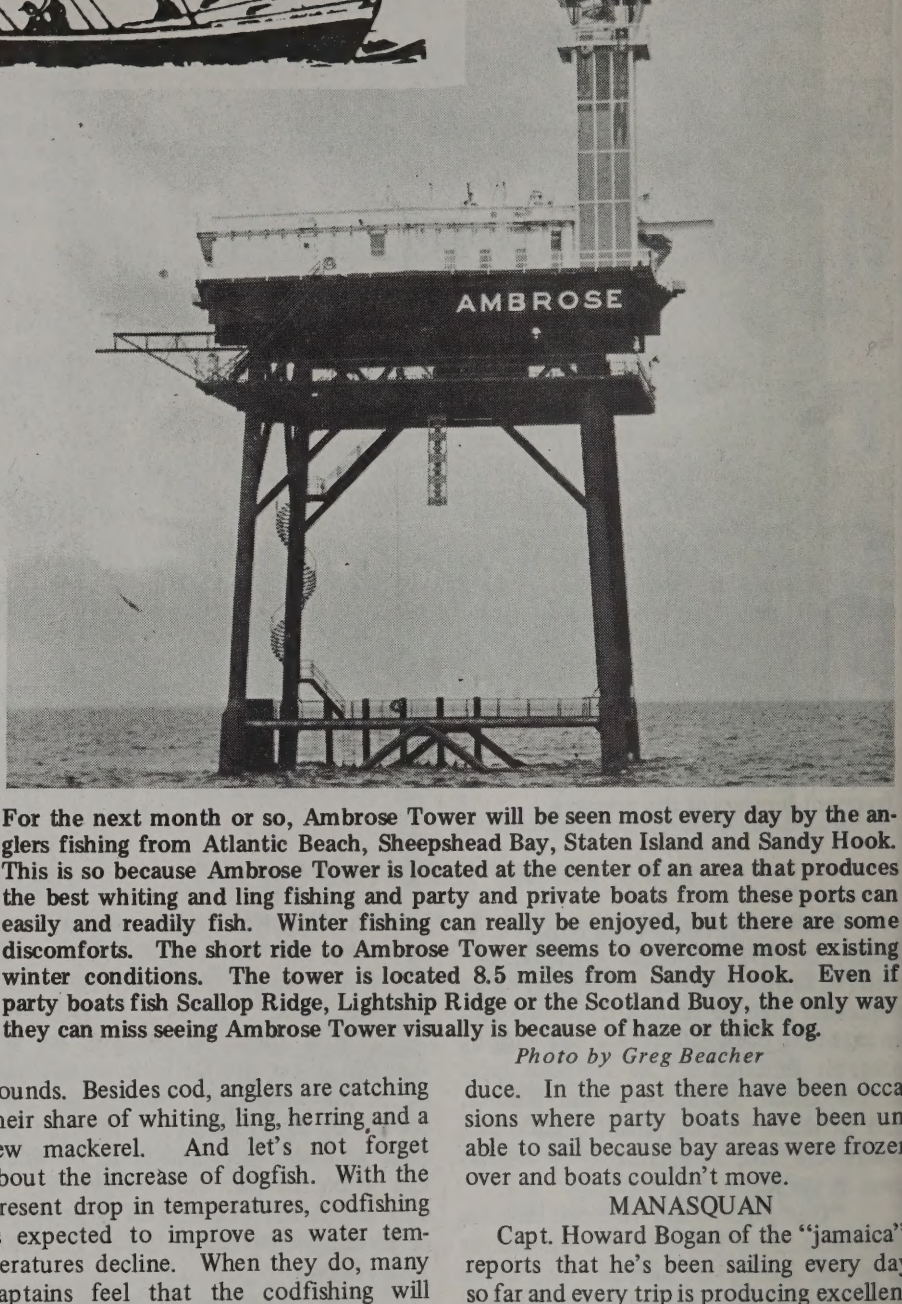
Leon Miller of Henning's Fishing Station reports that last Saturday there were a few anglers who fished, despite subfreezing temperatures. Arthur Reiner and Bob King of Atlantic Beach found fishing quite productive southeast of Buoy 4. While fishing in 60 ft. of water, aboard their boat "Bushmaven," they caught just about every type of fish that our area has to offer. Whiting, ling, a few mackerel and plenty of dogfish were there to be caught, however, the best part of the day's fishing were the 12 cod up to 13 lbs. that were boated.

Locally, fishing along inland bay areas has reached its end. Inland bay areas have started to freeze over and nothing more is expected until the start of the spring flounder run. For those anglers who are counting the days as they pass, spring is just 60 days away from the time of this writing.

You could count the number of anglers fishing last Sunday by the amount of toes you have. Nine degree weather, high winds and the Dallas - Miami Superbowl game produced a good excuse to skip the fishing and stay home.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY

Cod fishing at Scallop Ridge seems to be coming alive again. Both private and party boats are beginning to produce some decent codfish action there. The main body of cod seems to be just inshore of the Ridge in 20 to 30 ft. areas. Presently, cod from 3 to 18 pounds are being caught, however, there are some giant cod up to 45 pounds. There were reports of large cod being hooked at the Scallop Ridge area, but most of them are being lost. Anglers are hooking them on whiting and ling rigs. There was one report of a giant cod being caught last Saturday. This catch took place aboard the "Calvin B" of Sheepshead Bay. After gaffing, the cod was estimated to be 40 pounds. Besides cod, anglers are catching their share of whiting, ling, herring and a few mackerel. And let's not forget about the increase of dogfish. With the present drop in temperatures, codfishing is expected to improve as water temperatures decline. When they do, many captains feel that the codfishing will bounce back to normal.



For the next month or so, Ambrose Tower will be seen most every day by the anglers fishing from Atlantic Beach, Sheepshead Bay, Staten Island and Sandy Hook. This is so because Ambrose Tower is located at the center of an area that produces the best whiting and ling fishing and party and private boats from these ports can easily and readily fish. Winter fishing can really be enjoyed, but there are some discomforts. The short ride to Ambrose Tower seems to overcome most existing winter conditions. The tower is located 8.5 miles from Sandy Hook. Even if party boats fish Scallop Ridge, Lightship Ridge or the Scotland Buoy, the only way they can miss seeing Ambrose Tower visually is because of haze or thick fog.

Photo by Greg Beacher

At Ambrose Tower and the Scotland Buoy, a mixed bag of fish is still to be expected. Whiting and ling are still providing a good days fishing. Even a few small cod are starting to be caught along this same area.

SANDY HOOK

For the most part of last week, party boats from the Highlands and the Atlantic Highlands did sail. They are presently fishing at Ambrose Tower and the Scotland Buoy for action. Here, fares are connecting for good whiting and ling fishing.

Party boats that sail from this area have one major problem during the winter months and that is the icy conditions which their inland waterways produce. In the past there have been occasions where party boats have been unable to sail because bay areas were frozen over and boats couldn't move.

MANASQUAN

Capt. Howard Bogan of the "jamaica" reports that he's been sailing every day so far and every trip is producing excellent whiting and mackerel fishing. Party boats from this area are presently fishing the west side of the Mud Hole. Mackerel fishing has developed into the best winter season in years. Of course, there are some days on which you lose the main school of mackerel, however, you're still able to produce a good days catch. Again, when the main body of fish is located, anglers simply fill their bags. The mackerel fishing varies from day to day but the whiting fishing has remained steady and productive.

Codfishing for the Manasquan area remains off for the season. Action has been spotty but better things are expected. Cod catches are improving somewhat as water temperatures continue to drop.

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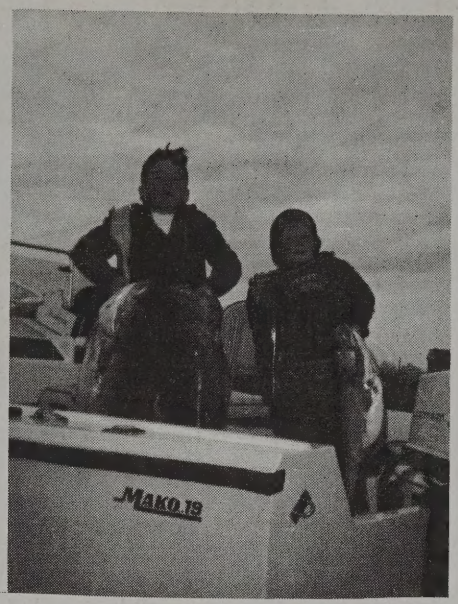
WEATHER

Anglers who fish our area all winter long have now entered a time period where weather conditions have a tendency to change quite often. Unlike other seasonal weather conditions that anglers have to observe, anglers should check and double check daily weather reports before they sail for a days fishing. It is also recommended that anglers check weather conditions during the days fishing.

ICE INFORMATION

A Notice to Mariners on ice conditions in the waters of the Third Coast Guard District will be broadcast each morning by the Coast Guard Radio Station, New York and the Bell System Coastal Harbor Stations. These broadcasts will be on frequencies normally used for marine information broadcasts.

Information of ice in the Hudson River and in the waters adjacent to New York may be obtained by calling telephone number (212) 264-4957.



Robby and James Scheider show some of the codfish that were taken with diamond jigs at Shagwong Reef off Montauk late last fall.

BROOKLYN SQUADRON STARTS NEW PLEASURE BOATING CLASSES

Enrollment for the free boating course by Brooklyn Power Squadron will be held on Tuesday, February 1st, 7:30 P.M., at St. Francis College, 180 Remsen Street, in downtown Brooklyn.

The course is open to all men, women and teenagers who are interested in pleasure boating, and you don't have to own a boat. If you're a fishermen who wants to get there under inboard or outboard power, or a sail-man out for a day on the wind, you'll get the basics of safe boat-handling and piloting that prepares the beginner as well as the Sunday sailor with the marine practices and knowledge to prevent accidents and make your boating sail-safe.

Squadron members, who are expert skippers, voluntarily teach, free of any charge or obligation, the wide range of subjects that prepare you for next spring's outings on the sea, lake or river that you're looking forward to. Included are small boat trailering for the traveling man, boat handling afloat, docking and undocking, rules of the road, safety at sea. The introduction to course plotting and using the marine compass equips the beginner as well as boatmen who haven't taken this course with basic sail-safe position know-how.

United States Power Squadron is a national organization dedicated to Safe Boating through Education, and Brooklyn Squadron, local unit of USPS has been giving these courses here for over fifty years. Thousands of local boatmen have taken their course and have made the natural resources of our great harbor and local waters theirs for its great fishing and sports boating.

For more information, call ST 8-9006 in Brooklyn, or toll free (800) 243-6000 for class information for your own area.

To me this is "Chowder Time." Nothing tastes better than a nice bowl of chowder and warmed rolls or French bread; a meal in itself. My husband usually gets our clams in late spring or early summer. There are two good locations to dig these clams, off Centre Island on the bay side for chowder clams and in the cove off Cove Neck Road for the smaller ones. But if the wetlands go, we'll all meet at the local fish store. If you have a freezer and making chowder, make a large batch and freeze it. The greatest container for freezing is a milk carton. One suggestion: Don't put potatoes in your chowder. They don't freeze well and get mushy when defrosting. Instead cook only enough diced potatoes separately for your chowder.

CLAM CHOWDER

4 slices diced bacon
1 large can tomatoes
1 cup diced celery
2 cups diced potatoes
¼ teaspoon caraway seed
1 cup diced onions
1 cup diced carrots
½ cup diced peppers
½ teaspoon thyme
1½ quarts of liquid (clam juice plus water)
1 dozen clams (chopped)

Fry bacon and onion till golden but not brown. Add tomatoes, carrots, celery, peppers, potatoes and spices and liquid. Cook till vegetables are done. Add clams ten to fifteen minutes before serving.

J.T.
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HIGH TIDE TABLES

ADD 6 HOURS FOR LOW TIDE

SANDY HOOK

DAY	AM	PM
20-Thur.	10:28	10:56
21-Fri.	11:17	11:49
22-Sat.	------	12:14
23-Sun.	12:47	1:10
24-Mon.	1:47	2:16
25-Tues.	2:53	3:29
26-Wed.	4:01	4:37
27-Thur.	5:06	5:38

on SANDY HOOK

Long Island South Side

	h.	m.
Hempstead Bay		
Deep Creek Meadow	+1	02
Green Island	+1	22
Cuba Island	+1	08
Bellmore, Bellmore Creek	+1	29
Neds Creek	+0	50
Freeport Creek	+0	34
Freeport, Baldwin Bay	+0	38
Long Beach	+0	19
Long Beach, outer coast	- 0	29
Hempstead Bay Continued		
East Rockaway	+0	42
Woodmere, Brosewere Bay	+0	35
East Rockaway Inlet	- 0	06
Jamaica Bay		
Plumb Beach Channel	+0	03
Barren Island, Rockaway Inlet	- 0	00
Beach Channel (bridge)	+0	38
Motts Basin	+0	40
Norton Point, Head of Bay	+0	39
New York International Airport	+0	26
Grassy Bay (bridge)	+0	44
Carnarsie	+0	28
Mill Basin	+0	29
Coney Island	- 0	03
Norton Point, Gravesend Bay	- 0	03
Shinnecock Inlet (ocean)	- 0	50
Ponquogue Bridge, Shinnecock Bay	+1	25
Potunk Point, Moriches Bay	+3	35
Moriches Inlet	- 0	56
Mastic Beach, Moriches Bay	+3	28
Fire Island Breakwater	- 0	39
Democrat Point, Fire Island Inlet	- 0	38
Great South Bay		
Fire Island Light	+0	47
West Fire Island	+2	11
Point O' Woods	+2	28
Bellport, Bellport Bay	+3	44
Patchogue	+3	23
Sayville (Brown Creek)	+3	39
Great River, Connetquot River	+3	20
Bay Shore	+2	23
Oak Beach	+2	24
Babylon	+2	12
Gilgo Heading	+2	23
Amityville	+2	21
Biltmore Shores, So. Oyster Bay	+2	05
Jones Inlet (Point Lookout)	- 0	19

WILLETS POINT

DAY	AM	PM
20-Thur.	1:25	1:41
21-Fri.	2:10	2:36
22-Sat.	3:04	3:27
23-Sun.	3:59	4:35
24-Mon.	5:08	5:58
25-Tues.	6:35	7:37
26-Wed.	7:56	8:46
27-Thur.	9:03	9:41

on WILLETS POINT

Long Island Sound

	h.	m.
Port Chester	- 0	09
Rye Beach	- 0	14
Mamaroneck	- 0	08
New Rochelle	- 0	13
Davids Island	- 0	02
City Island	- 0	03
Throggs Neck	+0	02
Whitestone	+0	02
Old Ferry Point	+0	04
College Point, Flushing Bay	+0	20
Hewlett Point	- 0	03
Port Washington, Manhasset Bay	- 0	01
Execution Rocks	- 0	06
Glen Cove, Hempstead Harbor	- 0	11

BRIDGEPORT

DAY	AM	PM
20-Thur.	1:36	1:55
21-Fri.	2:25	2:47
22-Sat.	3:16	3:44
23-Sun.	4:14	4:45
24-Mon.	5:15	5:52
25-Tues.	6:21	7:00
26-Wed.	7:25	8:04
27-Thur.	8:27	9:04

on BRIDGEPORT

Long Island Sound

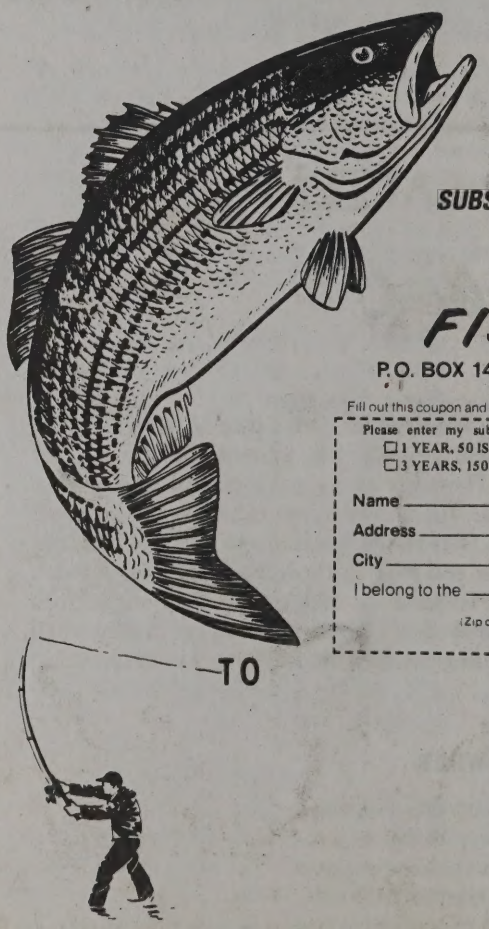
	h.	m.
Oyster Bay		
Oyster Bay Harbor	+0	04
Bayville Bridge	+0	09
Cold Spring Harbor	+0	04
Eatons Point	- 0	01
Lloyd Harbor ent. Huntington	- 0	01
Northport, Northport Bay	- 0	01
Nissequogue River entrance	- 0	07
Stony Brook, Smithtown Bay	+0	05
Stratford Shoal	- 0	09
Pt. Jefferson Harbor entrance	- 0	01
Port Jefferson	+0	02
Setauket Harbor	0	00
Conscience Bay ent. (Narrows)	+0	03
Mount Sinai Harbor	+0	05
Herod Point	- 0	11
Mattituck Inlet	+0	39
Horton Point	- 0	24
Truman Beach	- 0	46

NEW LONDON

DAY	AM	PM
20-Thur.	11:56	------
21-Fri.	12:30	12:48
22-Sat.	1:24	1:47
23-Sun.	2:24	2:53
24-Mon.	3:27	4:02
25-Tues.	4:31	5:10
26-Wed.	5:33	6:13
27-Thur.	6:33	7:12

on NEW LONDON

	h.	m.
Plum Gut Harbor, Plum Island	+0	34
Little Gull Island	+0	17
Shelter Island Sound		
Orient	+0	41
Greenport	+1	09
Southold	+1	48
Noyack Bay	+2	10
Sag Harbor	+1	04
Cedar Island	+0	49
Peconic Bays		
New Suffolk	+2	31
South Jamesport	+2	37
Shinnecock Canal	+2	38
Three mile Hbr. ent., Gardiners Bay	+0	26
Promised Land, Napeague Bay	- 0	09
Montauk Harbor entrance	- 0	20
Montauk, Fort Pond Bay	- 0	24
Montauk Point, north side	- 1	08



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